[Stuttgart, May, 1882.]

I've called, Mr.Consul, this morning, to sak
if you please, your advice
On a matter that gives me great worry—
"Let's hear it (want money, I know)."
Here's my citizen-paper—("All right.")—I
was born in the Schwarzwalder Kreis,
At Schramberg, and went to America fortyfive years ago.

Yes, I'm near seventy now, and you see that my step is unsteady—
Plenty of trouble, I tell you—I settled in North Illinois.
And there, ever since, I've been working and saving up, so that already
I've got a nice farm, Mr. Consul, that goes by-and-by to my boys.

How many children? There's four, three boys and a giri. We've had seven; But when the war came along, my William and Carl marched away.

Both of them fell on the field, and last winter the good Lord in Heaven alled home our dear little Minnic—she's twelve years old to-day.

Yes, the old woman is living. She's there with the boys on the place,
And our Lina keeps house for them all.
Next spring she'il be just twenty-four.
She's the handsomest girl in the county;
there's sunshine all over her face,
can hear even now her sweet voice as she told me farewell at the door.

Why I left? Well, perhaps, Mr. Consul, 'twere better the truth weren't told.

But no matter—it wasn't my fault. My old woman and I had a fight.

She is sick and can't work any more, and she'sidle. We're both getting old;

So she's cross, and will have it that I'm always wrong and that she's always right.

It hasn't been always that way. In the days
when we worked for our bread
And hadn't a dollar laid by in the bank, she
and I were all good
And happy together; but since we began to
be getting shead
She has tried to be boss over me, and I didn't
intend that she should.

And when that poor dear Minnie died, I had hoped that the fight would die, too.
But no! It lived on just the same, and one day, about four weeks ago.
The old woman sent out for a lawyer, and then, for the first time, I knew
That she wanted to separate from me-from me, who have borne with her so.

And the boys they all tried to make peace, she would listen to naught that they But my Lina stood up by my side—though she spoke not, 'twas easy to see.

As she put her sweet arms round my neck and rested her beautiful head

On my breast, that her dear heart was full of the tenderest pity for me.

And I said: "My Christina, we've labored and struggled together till now;
Our children are grown, and you want us to separate, now we are old?
No lawyer can partus, Christina, no lawyer can sever our yow,
But I'll leave you and go forth alone on my way through the rain and the cold."

Then my poor Lina cried and she hade me reflect, and the boys they said "Stay!"

And I paused for a moment and looked at Christina-she said not a word.

One word would have kept me. But no, it came not, and I hurried away.

And my Lina's sweet voice "Oh, dear father come back," was the last that I heard.

And so I have wandered back here to the scenes of my childhood and youth:
Have stood by the grave of my father and mether—have seen the old home
On the hillside at Schramberg—and yet, Mr.
Consul, to tell you the truth,
I find that I cannot be happy while far from the loved ones I roam.

For my sweet Lina's words, 'Oh dear father, come back,' always ring in my ears,
And I'm going this day; but for fear there should come on the journey some ill,
There's no telling, you know, what might happen, perchance, to a man of my years,
I have come, Mr. Consul, this morning to ask you to draw up my will.

And I want you to make my old woman entitled to all that I've got.
In case of my death. After all I can trust her to do what is fair
By the children in case she survives me.
Just say that I.Christian Roth—"What"
In your name Christian Roth? Here's a letter addressed to you here, in my care."

A letter! My Lina's handwriting, and post-marked at Scott, Illinois;
Here, quick, let me read it: "Dear father, my mother implores you to come. She tenderly asks your forgiveness; and now, she and I and the woys
Are lovingly waiting your coming and eager to welcome you home."

—N. Y. Tribune.

MAKING A SOLDIER.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT'S FIRST DAY IN BARRACKS .- "HURRAH FOR PERRIER."

It was a lovely Sunday evening. The barracks were well-nigh deserted, as nearly all the soldiers had gone a pleasuring in town. With them had gone the conscripts who had joined the army only the day before, in bands of ten or a dozen, their caps awry, their coats wrinkled, their hands imprisoned in

sprawling white gloves. In the remotest part of the barrack-yard, sat alone—all alone—on a door-step, a poor conscript, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees, following his fellows who went out with wistful eyes, or when no one was in sight gazng fixedly on the ground. He looked like one of those good boys who feel like the hand of death the summons which tears them from their families, but who finish by becoming the best of soldiers, with minds resigned, calm, willing. On his face, however, there was more than the expression of dreaming and surprise, such as a conscript usually wears during his first days of barrack life-there was positive melancholly. Perhaps he was regretting that he had not gone out with the rest of the

A corporal in fatigue dress, who hap pened to be crossing the yard, espied the conscript and strode up to him

sharply.
'What's that fellow doing there with

'Who? I?' said the conscript,
'Who? I?' school the corporal. 'He's
a nice fellow! And whom is he speaking to—to the moon? Here! Stand up when you are addressing your superior! Who are you? What company

do you belong to?"
What company?"

'And your shoes - pretty shoes,

The conscript stooped to clean them with his handkerchief

'And your cravat up round your ears and everybody liked us, and here they make fun of us and of our [people. I those trousers if you don't want them to be in rags inside of a week, button very hard to bear!'

up your tunic, and don't stick there with your head sunk on your breast like a monk, or staring at everybody like a stupid stuck pig.

The poor lad ran trembling fingers over his clothing, but the more he hurried the less he succeeded; indeed

he knew not what he was doing. At that moment the pretty young cantiniere of the regiment paused before them. To appear ridiculous and stupid before a pretty woman—what could be worse, and the conscript utterly lost his pres-ence of mind, fumbled with his fingers at his buttons, then let his arms fall dejectly by his side, drooped his head and stood silent.

The cantiniere laughed and tripped

away . 'Baby!' said the corporal, shaking his head with an air of scornful comparison; then, lifting his voice, he went 'You'll have to wake up, my boy, and promptly, too, or else we'll wake you up. Fatigue drill, bread and water; bread and water and fatigue drill—we wont let you feel homesick, take my word for it. Now, off to your room and clean up your traps. 'March!'

But I'-'Hold your tongue when your superi-or addresses you, or else—the guard-room is over yonder! Do you see it?' and the corporal turned away, growling, 'Fine stuff this for an army-poor

I say, corporal—sir!' the conscript called after him timidly. The corporal wheeled round and glared at him, pointing towards the

guard-room 'I wanted to ask you one thing,' said the lad in a tone so gentle and humble that it was impossible not to listen to

'Well, ask it-that one thing.' 'I wanted to ask you if there was in the regiment an officer who comes from where I come from; there ought to be, but I don't know for certain.'

'If the people where you come from are all like you, you may depend on it you're the only man from the place we have.' And, shrugging his shoulders, he swaggered off.

But why are we treated thus?' sighed the lad, as he sank down again on the stone step. 'What have we done? What are we—dogs? And five years of it to come!' He buried his face in his hands.

At that moment three of the soldiers on guard came strolling past.

'Poor boy!' they cried, with a shout of laughter, 'he must be in love! He's thinking about his little sister-thinking about his girl! She's got another fellow by this time. Look at the eyes he makes! Po-o-o-r boy!'

'Who can they be making fun of now? said the officer of the guard to himself, as he strolled to the window with his newspaper in his hand. The soldiers saw him coming and made of discreetly; the conscript looked up and caught his eye. 'Who can that idiot be? What can he want?' said the officer, half angrily, as he saw the lad becken to him and laugh, first in surprise them with satisfaction. What is prise then with satisfaction. 'What is the matter with you, eh?' he asked, striding out into the yard; 'what makes you chuckle so and rub your hands?

Answer me, will you?'
'You see, you see,' said the conscript,
nervously fingering the hem of his tunic; 'I knew you were in this regi-ment, and they sent me here. You don't remember me, I know, but I remember you. And you were home take your last look at the windows of three years ago—I knew you and knew your people too, but I dare say you don't know me, but I used to see you ride past our house every morning, and we past our house every morning, and we are both from the same place—that's

what I wanted to say." 'Hum, I understand!' said the officer, canning him closely, as if to recall his face and name.

'I knew you were an officer, 'continued the conscript, 'and since you were home last they've rebuilt the front of the church opposite your house, and on the square there's a cafe, as big as—half as big as this yard, and it's full of people all day long.'

'Hold on, I remember you now your name is Renzo, isn't it?' Yes, Renzo.'

'And you used to live in the little stone-house by the church down in the

'Yes, exactly; in the little stone-house by the church down in the lane!' The boy could hardly speak for de-'Well, and how do you like soldier-

The conscript's face fell; he lowered his eyes and remained silent.

'Why aren't you off with the rest of them, enjoying yourself?' Still no answer, but an answer was to be read in his face.

'Come,' said the officer, 'what's the matter? Out with it.'

'The matter is, captain,' stammered the lad, 'that is to say, I don't know what it is, but the way they treat us here isn't fair—at least, it isn't pleasant. If we ask any one anything he doesn't answer, and when any one says hard things to us we have to swallow them—or else its 'There's the guard-room!' I know that we ain't soldiers vet-that we don't know everything. but we only came here yesterday, so how can we? They ought to under-stand that we came here to learn, and 'What company?'
'Yes, what company, cabbage-head?'
and seizing him by the skirt of his coat
he shook him till he reeled. 'Look at
that—see how you've fixed your coat
squatting on a door-step like a dirty
beggar!

The conscript dusted it off with his
hand.

The they make fun of us before people, and scold us, and haul us
around, and we have to stand it, and
they laugh. Why do they? I came
here willingly to be a soldier, for I said
to myself, 'I'll do my duty, whatever
it is, and my superiors will like me,'
but instead of that—. Perhaps when
we are more used to it we won't care, we are more used to it we won't care, but just now it isn't easy to bear it. It was different at home, you know; we were used to the ways of the house, and everybody liked us, and here they

The officer made no reply for some The officer made no reply for some moments, but coolly lit a cigar and went on carelessly and as if he had heard nothing of all the lad had said. 'Here, fix that necktie of yours properly.' (He arranged it himself.) 'There, that's much better! Now, there should be no folds or creases in your coat—it isn't soldierly.' (He pulled and patted the tunic into position.) 'Tip your cap over on the ear—so! It gives you a more rakish aspect.' more rakish aspect.'

The conscript smiled.

Carry yourself like a man, with your shoulders back and your head up, and when you walk step out resolutely, boldly, just as you did when you played tenpins in the yard of our house and had made a ten-strike. Do you remem-

The lad's face showed plainly that he

'And,' continued the officer, leaning against the wall, look every man you meet squarely in the eye, because you should be afraid of nobody and have nothing to blush for. If it was the King himself whom you met, lift your head and look him in the face, as much as to say, 'Here am I!' Don't forget that. And remember that in the army you must change your way of speaking. Few words, and those to the point. No matter who it may be that speaks to you, answer 'Yes' or 'No.' When you are in the ranks be as quiet as if you were at church; but once you have broken ranks, you are home and your own master. If the others are making a noise, raise more racket than they do, but don't sit gazing at them enjoying themselves; it will make you feel down in the mouth. Love your comrades; you will find friends among them—friends who will love you like a brother. Many things are lacking here, but not good fellowship—remember that.'
'Did you ever hear of Perrier,' said

the officer, Perrier, the soldier that threw himself between his officer and the enemy and fell with three bullets in his body, crying: 'Remember me, Lieutenant; I die happy in saving your life?' Nor of that grenadier who, rath-er than surrender his wounded captain, was bayoneted to death, shouting, 'Take him when I am dead—not before?' Nor of the eight or ten others who at Rivoli went under a hail of bullets to rescue their commander's body from the Austrians, so that they could see it buried in camp with all the honors? And there are hundreds of others whose names and deeds have been written down in all the big books, who are remembered and beloved as if they were with us still. Have you a match?'

The conscript, who had been gazing at him as if an ecstasy, his mouth and eyes wide open, drew a box of matches from his pocket and handed them to the officer.

'When one remembers all this,' said 'When one remembers all this,' said the officer, 'and when one has a little philosophy, one overlooks the little hard-ships and worries of a soldier's life. You must remember everything you are taught, and as you are a sensible fellow you will. Keep them in your head and little by little you will take a liking to everything—your arms, your uniform, this yard, this staircase, these walls, and when your time of service is up and you have said good-by to your sergeauts, and when all the other soldiers come to see you off and wish you good luck and bid you remember them, your heart will feel as it felt when you left home; and when from the road you many friends, where I have passed so many happy days with a quiet con-science, where I have so often sighed for my loved ones!' Good-by to my poor hard little bed; good-by, sergeant; good-by captain.' Why, what's the matber with you.'

The conscript was standing rapt, motionless, his features working, his breast heaving, his eyes wet with tears.

'What is the matter with you?'
The lad endeavored to find his voice,
drew a long breath, as if about to
speak, but could only whisper hoarsely: 'Nothing!'

The officer smiled. 'Now to please me, you will go and drink one glass of wine to good luck for all conscripts. Here, take this!"

'Oh, sir,' stammered the lad, redden-

ing, and declining the coin.
'What?' said the officer sharply. The conscript took the coin strove to stammer something, 'Not a word. Off!'

He rushed into the yard, dancing, rubbing his hands, laughing, talking to himself. He entered the canteen and drank his glass of wine, which the cantiniere poured out for him with her sweetest smile. On his way out he met the corporal, who accosted him in a much more gentle fashion.

Say, is that officer that has been talking with you for the last home and

talking with you for the last hour any relative of yours?"

But you know him?

'Intimately.'

'So he's the officer from your place you were looking for? If I had known that, I would have answered you, but I didn't understand you.'
"That's all right! He isn't half a

bad fellow, that corporal, said the con-script to himself, as the former walked Meanwhile the soldiers were struggling back into barracks, among them a group of conscripts, flushed with liq-nor and joyfully noisy.

'If the others are making a noise raise more racket than they do,' said the conscript to himself, and he plung-ed into the group, shouting, 'Hurrah for—for Perrier!'

from his window, smiled as he said to himself, "That fellow will make a good soldier!"

It was night and the sky was blazing with stars. There was a clamor in the parrack-yard, and in the streets outside the sweet, clear bugles were sounding. Unconsciously, he lifted his eyes and leaning out, said softly:

Perrier! Where are you, Perrier? Did you hear them?—From the French.

Josh Billings on Courting.

Courting iz a luxury, it iz sallad, it iz ise water, it iz a beveridge, it is a pla spell of the soul. The man who haz never courted hez lived in vain; he hez bin a blind man amung landskapes and waterskapes; he hez bin a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side ov marmoring capals.

by the side ov murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain, and run down the hill side by side, singing and dansing and spattering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now fall ov shadder, till bimeby tha jine and then tha go slow. I am in favor of long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's trump cards, it is good exercise, and is list as innerrock at the fut ov a mountain, and run iz good exercise, and iz jist as inner-cent as 2 merino lambs. Courting iz like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then yu git the flavor. I hav saw folks git ackquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down and git tew wurk in three weeks from date. This iz jist the wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the great num-ber ov almightey mean mechanicks we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out. Perhaps it iz best i shud state some

good advise to yung men who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, az it wuz. In the first plase, yung man, you want to get yure system all rite, and then find a yung women who iz willing tew be courted on the square. The next thing iz tew find out how old she iz which yu kan do bi asking her, and she will sa that she iz 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from ont ov the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin moderate; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose az the patient seems to require it. It iz a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leetle on the start, for if there iz one thing a woman never despises, and that iz a leetle good courting, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin tew like the bizziness. Thare is one thing i alwus advise, and that iz not tew swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forget how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want to look sorry. and draw in yure wind az the you had pain, this will set the gal tew teazing pain, this will set the gal tew teazing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep yure religgion in tune, and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi accident, she can ask yu tew go hum with her. As a general thing i wouldn't brag on uther girls much when i waz courting, it mite look az tho' you knu tew much. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a lettle the slikest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense and pa for it. Den't court for munuy, nor buty, nor relashuns, these

TARNISHING OF JEWELRY.-Some persons can wear cheap jewelry with-out its tarnishing, while on others even gold ornaments soon change color. The following explanation of the two facts is given by the jeweller: It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids, sim-

ilar in action to, and having a like tendency toward, baser metals; as nitric and sulphuric acids have; namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity is different per-sons. Of this theory we have abund-ant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewelry, with brass carwires, while if others were the same article for a few days; they would be troubled with sore ears; or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to

produce ill results. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carat have been tarnished in a few days, merely feom the above named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is well to know them, and they are sufficient to prove that it is not in every case the fault of the goods not wearing well—as it is generally call-ed—but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn,

COLORLESS AND COLD .- A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

I had severe attacks of gravel and 'Hurrah for Perrier!' echoed his felkidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until 1 lows, without the remotest idea of who
Perrier might be, and singing and skylarking they passed up the staircase.
The officer, who had been looking on
LAWYER OF WAYNE CO., N. Y. used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A DISTINGUISHED Ladders.

Farmers, painters, turners and every one who needs a ladder of any style or size. Send your order to G. A. Burch & Co., 12 Grallot Ave. Fruit ladders pointed. Spec'al discount to agents, or trade. Send for list

Door and window screens, wood turning, eroll-enwing, etc

James Gordon Bennett is making plans for an \$800,000 hotal on Fifth avenue, New York.

Time Testers and Burgen Bearerst

From time immemorial the loves has best friend. But a few your hard over all remember the comparatively little attendant of this meet indicated by little attendant of this meet indicated by little attendant of the little attendant. These have been attendant of the little attendant of the little attendant.



measures of relief life set. A life of this reform, and one inforced by owners, forceder, formers and to element the country over, is Sr. Lacons Ott, recomined by all who have used it as an exceptionally post remedy for the allineats of the hone and at expensively, freeling more indications for its use and effecting flar latter results than any serie is of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced, Euch breeder, and horsemen as Avistica, Welch, Eq. of Indian heim, near Philadelphia; Mike Goodin, Eq. Belment Park, Fa; Calvin M. Priest, formerly in charge of Mr. Robert Bouncer's stock, New York; and Housender of the charge of the charge

M. R. P.-383 GOOD WAGES.—Learn Book Aceping, Telegraphy, or Shorthard and Typewriting, at the Mayhow Business Cotlege 156 Jefferson ave., Board of 1, and Entrance and Elevator, and

IRA MAYHEW LL. D., Detroit.

YOUNG MEN it you want to learn tolography in tailon at good wages, abdress VALENTTHE RILLS.

January lie, Wes Do you wish to once, a good and particular then write to or call particular then write to or call particular them. S. Sprague Particular Son, S. West.

Palents, Espague Patent Causes, Establish particular to be particular to be



Dr. Lodge's Medicine Cases and Books. Siz Remodies—Book and Case—Sitty Cents. Tweity from themedies—Book and Case—One Bollar Twenty four Remedies—Book and Case—Two Bollar Single vials of any remosty Twelve Cents. One come vials medicine, timeture, trituration, or

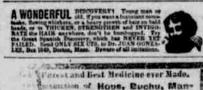
One ornce vials medicine, tineture, tritural bules, 25 cents.

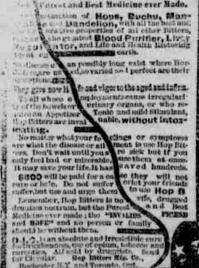
By anall, postage pre-paid, cursosist of price. DR. LO DGE'S LABORATORY, Box 484, Pontiac Mich.

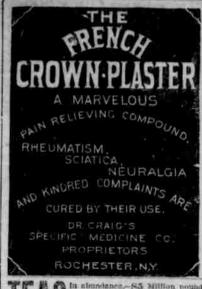
EF Soud for Circums "A

Our Homes Adornments Becores of interesting Topics. Fine
Hinstrations. One Volume.
AGENIS WANTED. New Territers, and New Book.:
If you are selling a work that does not pay. The True
I son want to sell a book that pays. Nall. Thus Books.
Write for special terms and prices, address.

J. C. CHILIVON & CO.,
20 Bank Block, Betroit, Mich.







10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for \$1, 10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for \$2, 10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for \$2, 10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for \$3. Send for pound sample, it can star for postage. Then get up a club, Choicest Tea in the world—largest variety—Pleases everybody—Othest Tea House is America.—No thronto.—No Humburg—Stradin business.—Value for nachey.

MOD'S WELLS, 43 Years St., N. F., P.O. Box 1282. LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSIT COMPANY.

THE GREAT DULUTH ROUTE.

THE GREAT DULUTH ROUTE.

Intended sallings of steamers from Detroit fo
Sault Sie, Marie and other Lake Superior ports
Mondays, Tausdays, Zauzalays, Eridays and Saturdays, II p. m.

For Cleveland, Eric and Bullalo: Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5 p. m., making railroad councetions for points East and South,
Eall connections at fulnth for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Bismarck, Manitoba and other points north,
south and west. Baugage checked to destination,
For tickets and other information apply to J. T.
WIIITING, Gen'l Ag't. Dock and office foot of
Woodward ave. Detroi. Mich.

ILLIARD TABLES.

> SCHULENBURG MFG CO., DETROIT, M CO.

RUPTURE

ne free. C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



Farms for Sale

And Exchange.

Ferril for new Lint dutied July 1, 1882. GEO, W. SNOVER 103 Griswold St. Detroit



266 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH. STATUARY AND FINE GRANITE MON-UMENTAL WORK furnished at the most rea-conable rates consistent with the best work and material. Over \$100,650 worth of work in Michigan to refer to.

ତାର୍ଗାରାଜାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବାବ THE PAPER Upon which this Sheet is printed

IS PURNISHED BY Thorndike Nourse

DETROIT, DECE. Special sizes made to order on short notice. Quality always Quaranteed.

